THE HISTORIE OF
Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaſter, Ear
of Weſtmerland, with others.

King.

SO ſhaken as we are, ſo wan with care,
Finde we a time for frighted peace to pant
And breath ſhort winded accents of new b
To be commenc't in ſtronds a far remote:
No more the thirſtie entrance of this ſoile
Shall dawbe her lips with her owne childre
No more ſhall trenching war channell her fields, (b
Nor bruiſe her flourets with the armd hoofes
Of hoſtile paces: thoſe oppoſed eyes,
Which like the meteors of a troubld heauen,
All of one nature, of one ſubſtance bred,
Did lately meete in the inteſtine ſhocke
And furious cloſe of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeſeeming rancks
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Againſt acquaintance, kindred and allyes.
The edge of war, like an ill ſheathed knife,
No more ſhall cut his maſter: therefore friends,
As far as to the ſepulchre of Chriſt,
Whoſe ſouldiour now, vnder whoſe bleſſed croſſe
We are impreſſed and ingag'd to fight,
Forth with a power of Engliſh ſhall we leuy,
Whoſe armes were moulded in their mothers wombe,
To chaſe theſe Pagans in thoſe holy fields,
Ouer whoſe acres walkt thoſe bleſſed feete,